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AUBERT GALLION QUE
Mrs W M Pozer
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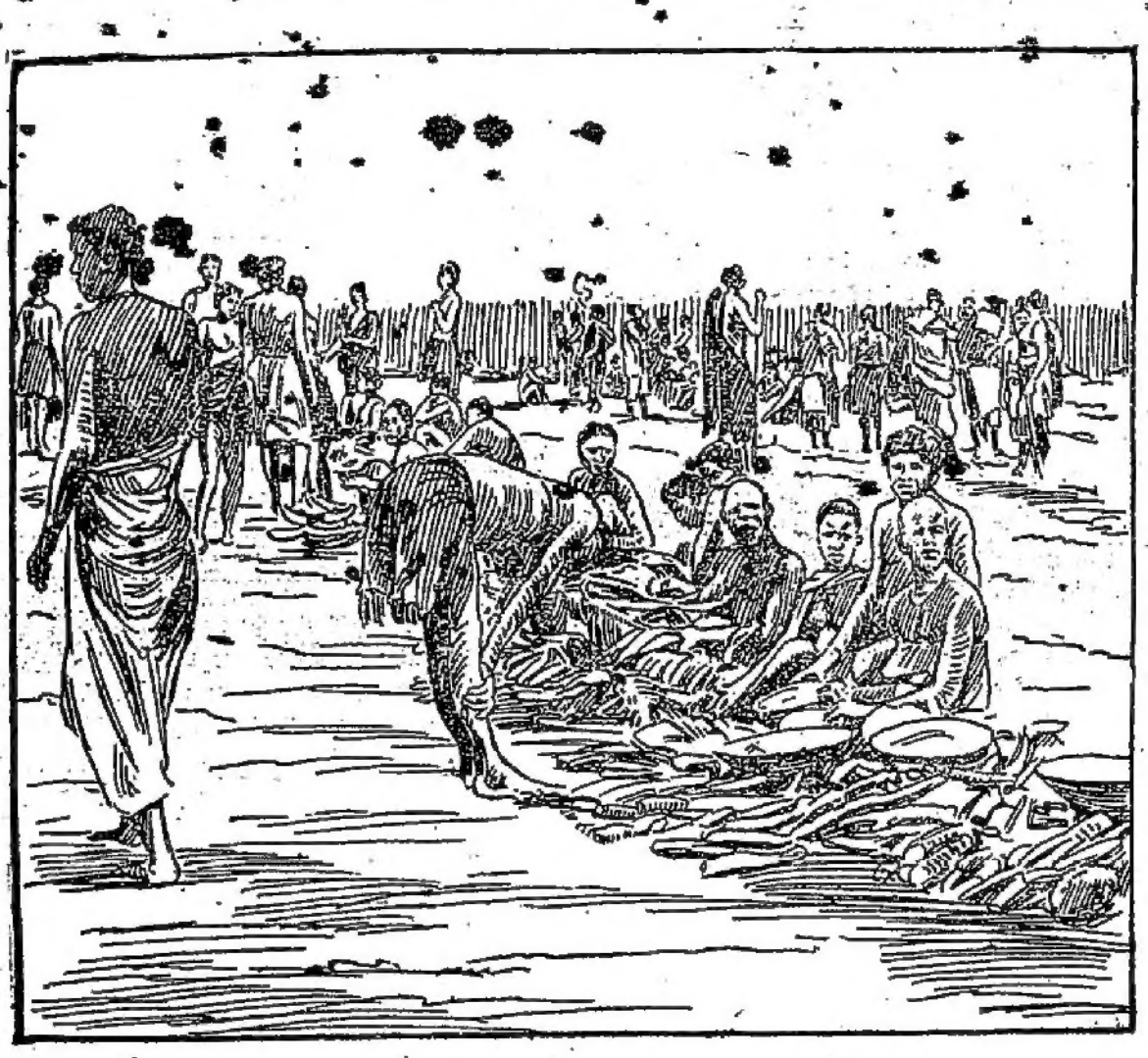
A Congo Market.

A scene which may be seen every four days in hundreds of places in the Lower Congo. It is a true representation of what occurs to-day, although the photograph itself was taken in October, 1890, when, in company with the Rev. F. G. and Mrs. Harrison, I was travelling to Stanley Pool. Many know the pineapple, and will recognize one on the ground; farther along bananas will be noticed, but those sticks looking almost like carrots only a few will recognize them, they are the roots of cassava or manioc, from which the natives make their bread by soaking, kneading and boiling. If it is



A CONGO MARKET.

desired to know what it is like when done, tapioca made into a stiff pudding with water only will give some idea, but it will lack the somewhat bitter twang of the original root-made bread. You will notice that some of the women have sticks put through holes in the lobes of their ears. You will notice, too, men with pieces of cloth on their shoulders—well, these are the moneys of one kind, another kind is beads, another pieces of brass wire. Our money-box for the journey was about forty pounds in weight. Of course, the man who carried the money-box liked to do so, because at every market we came to, it became a little bit lighter, and so on to the end of the journey.—John Whitehead, in 'Baptist Missionary Herald.'

'Count Me In.'

(By Mary D. Schaeffer.)

It was refreshing to hear a gentleman say to a company of young people who were planning a new organ for their Sunday-school, 'I hear you are going to buy a new organ. That's right; count me in.' There was no waiting to be urged, not even to be asked for a contribution, but a voluntary offering of help that was much needed.

A financial agent for a needy church school was soliciting funds from various congregations. Just when he was most discouraged because of the small returns and many refusals, a lady in moderate financial circumstances called upon him, and gave the largest contribution he had received for many days.

She had not waited to be urged, not even to be visited and asked for a contribution, but had virtually and substantially said, 'Count me in.'

These and similar instances are particularly noticeable, because they are in such marked contrast with the spirit too commonly prevailing among Christian people, not only with reference to financial matters, but to almost everything connected with church work.

Instead of a cheery 'Count me in,' do we not more frequently hear such remarks as these: 'If they want any more money from me, they've got to come for it'; 'I'm not going to that church any more; no one pays any attention to me'; 'Yes, I taught a Sunday-school class, and took an active part in the Christian Endeavor Society while we lived in M———, but since we've come here no one has invited us to those services, so I've not put in my appearance'; 'Our pastor didn't say anything to me about that literature committee, so he needn't expect me to do anything else.'

The fields are white to harvest, but these should-be laborers are waiting to be greeted, appreciated, invited, urged—not by the Lord of the harvest, but by their fellow-men.

Many of us may not have enough money at command to say 'Count me in' to the numerous financial needs of the Church, but there is no one who cannot offer a willing service in some of the many avenues of Christian work.

What if we are not formally appointed on a committee for specific duty? Every Christian is a committee of one, divinely appointed to do the duty that lies nearest. If we are visitors in a strange church, let us not lay too much stress on the absence of greetings, but rather count ourselves in as one of God's worshipping congregation; then we shall not be chiefly impressed with the cordiality, or lack of it, among that people.

If we have moved into a new town, and entered into new church relations, we should count ourselves in, and let the people know we belong to them by our presence at the Sunday and week-night services by our evident interest in their various undertakings, and by our willingness to go halfway to receive recognition and greeting. Such a 'count-me-in' spirit is not offensive or presumptuous, believing itself equal to everything, and failing to recognize its limitations. It is rather the spirit 'that vaunteth not itself, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.' It is like unto the spirit of him who 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'—'S. S. Times,' London.

Something to do in the Sunday School.

(By Martha Clark Rankin.)

Every mother who has been successful in bringing up a family of children will tell you that one important factor in this success was her practice of always having something for them to do. They were not conscious of her efforts to keep them occupied; they only knew that, in their home, time was precious, and there was never any aimless lounging about, for there was always something interesting waiting to be done. Later in life, and as they observed other families, they began to realise that so many delightful ways of spending time did not spring up spontaneously, and they learned to give their mother the credit for their bright and happy childhood.

Is not what is true in the home equally true in the Sunday-school? If you would have your scholars happy and contented you must give them something to do.

'Why is it that you don't like to go to Sunday-school as you used to?' asked a mother of her son who had just passed his fourteenth birthday.

'Because it's such a waste of time,' was the reply. 'The teacher just asks a lot of easy questions, and talks to us as if were were nothing but kids. She never seems to expect us to know any but the very simplest things. Then the closing exercises are all for the children, and there doesn't seem to be anything for us big fellows. It was all well enough two or three years ago, but I've got rather beyond it now, and I could learn twice as much if I stayed at home; so what is the use of going?'

Surely a teacher ought to realize the growing needs of growing boys. If she treats them as if they knew nothing, and had no desire to learn, they will not be likely to advance much. But if she plans her work a week ahead, so that she can speak to the class about the lesson for the coming Sunday,

calling their attention to points of especial interest to look up, and, perhaps assigning a topic to each individual, the chances are that all will come full of interest, and ready to contribute to the general fund of information.

If a boy has reached a point where he really cannot be held in some such way as this, it is often wise to give him a position as assistant librarian, secretary or treasurer, even, if necessary, creating an office on purpose for him. In some cases, the very best course is to give him an opportunity to teach a class. In this way he will learn many lessons which he greatly needs.

As soon as a boy has something to do, he begins to feel that his presence is of importance, and he will cease to look upon the Sunday-school hour as time wasted. And, indeed, this is true of the younger boys and girls as well as the older. The more fully they are occupied, the better they will like their Sunday school.

As a rule, it is so much easier to keep girls in the school than boys, that superintendents and teachers are quite right in making extraordinary efforts to hold the boys, especially as they reach the age when they have a contempt for everything that seems childish, and resent being treated like children. A teacher of such boys who confines himself to the quarterly, and demands nothing from his scholars in the way of preparation, must not wonder if they drop out, weary of such child's play.

It pays to expect a good deal of one's scholars; they will usually try to come up to your expectations. Treat them as if they were intelligent, well-intentioned, helpful young men, and the chances are that you will find them so. Treat them with distrust and suspicion, and they will be pretty sure to show you the worst side of their characters. Show them that you think them capable of careful, intelligent study of the lesson, and give them a little judicious guidance, and the chances are they will come to the class with thoughts and ideas which you yourself have overlooked.

'I can't understand why the boys all drop out of our Sunday-school as soon as they get to be fourteen or fifteen,' says a discouraged superintendent. Has he asked himself the question, 'Have they plenty to do?'—'S. S. Times,' London.

A Soldier's Letter.

The front door bell rang at Ringland Manse, and Pastor Browne answered it.

'Do come and see old Mrs. Mason, for she is dying,' were the words of the importunate messenger who stood on the doorstep.

Pastor Browne was soon ready, and the pair at once proceeded to old Mrs. Mason's cottage, across the village green.

These greens are common in the fine old County of Norfolk, and Ringland 'piece' was one of the largest. Mrs. Mason was a member of the Ringland Baptist Church, and was, of course, well known to Mr. Browne.

The old lady was a widow with an only son, who was serving as a soldier in South Africa. She had been ill some time, and, like all mothers who have sons at the war, she had troubled a great deal about it.

She was a dear Christian soul, and her prayers had been incessant on her son's behalf. His letters had been few, but kind. He had gone away caring little or nothing about spiritual things, and this had been a real grief to his poor, old mother. Her late husband and she had been members of the Ringland church for years; but the worldliness of her son had caused her many a sleepless night, especially since she had been bereaved.

She was dying now. The cold sweat was already on her wrinkled brow. Pastor Browne read and prayed with the old lady. The pastor could see that her end was nigh. She was calm; her mind was stayed on Christ. He was asked to sing her favorite hymn:

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.'

She dosed, and then an angelic smile lit up her face. She paused, and looking earnestly upwards, 'I can see Jesus and angels. Ah! there's my husband; and lo! my darling boy, too. I can die now, for my boy is in heaven.'

She closed her eyes. Her spirit had gone.

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A double knock at the cottage door roused Pastor Browne. He was met in the room below by the village postman, who had two letters for the late Mrs. Mason. They were both from South Africa. One was official, and contained the sad news that Private Mason had died in active service. The other was from the minister with the troops, who, in answer to a dying request, had promised to write to the soldier's mother, and tell her that her son had passed away, confessing Christ as his Saviour.

The angelic vision had forstalled the letter.—W. H. Berry, in 'English Baptist.'

Straws.

'Why didn't you keep that boy?' asked one merchant of another referring to a boy who had applied for a position in his office.

'I tried him, but he wrote all morning with a hair on his pen. I don't want a boy who hasn't sufficient gumption to remove a hair from his pen.'

'That was a very slight thing for which to condemn a lad.'

'Pardon me, but I think it is a very sufficient reason. There was a hair on the pen when he began to write, but I put it there to test him. I am satisfied that I read his character from that one thing.'

'I didn't keep her because her finger nails would turn her down anywhere,' said one member of a law firm to another, in response to a question about a stenographer and typewriter whom he had on trial. 'She was a competent person, I think, but her nails'—he shrugged his shoulders, and the subject was dropped.

'Oh, yes, she wrote a good letter,' said the same man, speaking of another applicant. 'There was one thing I didn't like, and that more than counterbalanced the good points in her application. I don't want a typewriter who is careless about her machine. Her letters were blurred; her machine needed cleaning. If she wasn't careful enough to clean her typewriter when writing a letter of such importance to herself, she would be sure to be slovenly in her every-day work.'

'I can't stand his voice. I'd as lief hear a buzz-saw,' said a man about a boy who applied for a position in an office.

'Tell that young woman we can't take her. She wears too many rings for us,' said an editor-in-chief to his associate, speaking of a lady who was seeking a position as sub-editor.

One might go on indefinitely quoting similar cases. Trifles, perhaps some young man or woman may call them. But in reality there are no trifles, and in the business world nothing is trifling. Even straws may serve to show which way the wind blows.—'Well-spring.'

The Song of the Lonely Seamstress.

He is my only Master,
I work for Him alone;
My fingers fly the faster
To feel I'm all His own.

And as I work He watches,
And cheers me with a smile;
I answer Him in snatches
Of love-notes all the while.

And when I stop to measure,
Or breathe a moment free,
He, too, has ample leisure,
And spends it all with me.

I love to entertain Him,
All through the livelong day;
And though my sins have slain Him,
He will not go away.

He is my own dear Master,
And still, as Cana's Lord,
He wardeth from disaster
His child's poor, scanty board.

Sometimes when I am pining
For human friends to come,
I see a sudden shining
Fill all my little room.

Through the dark night He eyes me,
And should the tear-drop start,
His whispered sweets surprise me
Like music in my heart.

Then when the dawn has painted
With gold my casement dim,
'Thou'st borne, and hast not fainted!'
Awakes me straight from Him.

'For my sake hast not fainted—'
I say it o'er and o'er;
The Man with grief acquainted,
I love Him more and more!

I rise, and boldly yield me
To love where'er it lead;
I know that grace will shield me
From sin and want's dire need.

And though sweet gleams of childhood,
White cot and sunny stream,
The tangled copse and wildwood,
Will haunt me like a dream—

I kneel, and desperate, borrow
New strength from Him each hour;
Till lo, my dark to-morrow
Seems yesterday in flower!

Charles A. Fox, in 'The Christian.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Oct. 7, Sun.—Remember them that are in bonds.

Oct. 8, Mon.—God will judge.

Oct. 9, Tues.—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and forever.

Oct. 10, Wed.—I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.

Oct. 11, Thurs.— The Lord is my helper.

Oct. 12, Fri.—I will not fear.

Oct. 13, Sat.—Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Steeplejacks and Their Ways.

(By L. H. Kingston, M.A., in 'Home Words.')

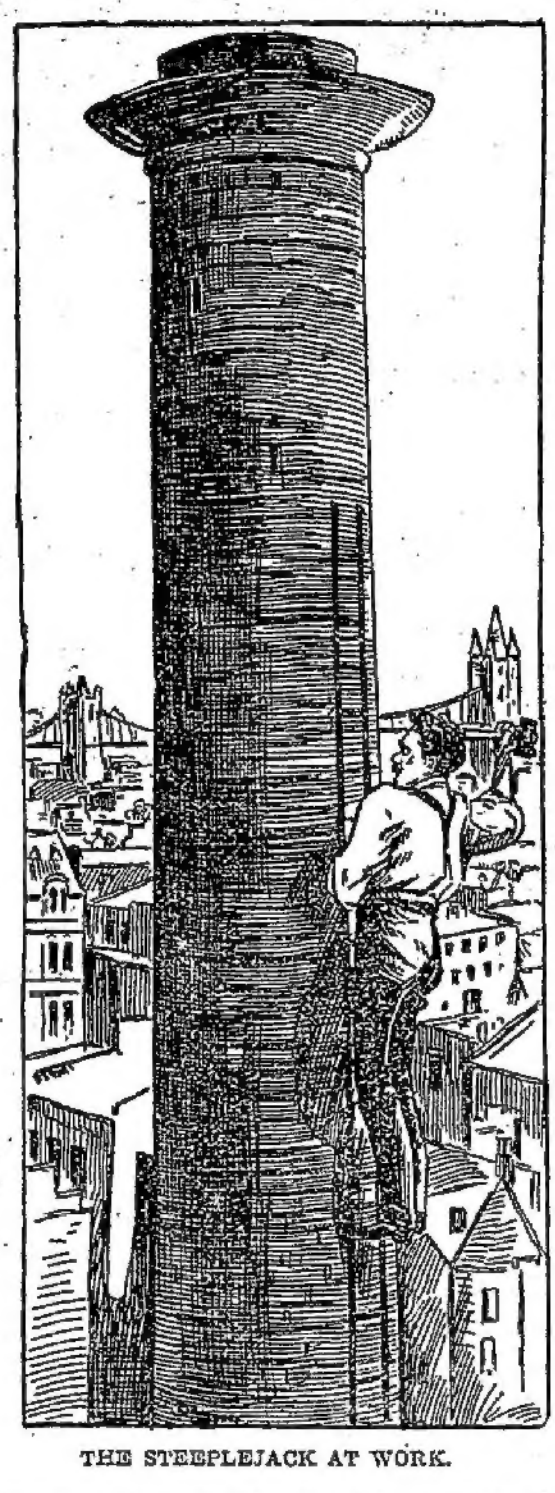
It is scarcely surprising, taking into account the hazardous character of their craft, that there are not very many steeplejacks in England or in any other country. The physical, as well as intellectual demands made by the vocation are such that there must be few men with digestions sound enough and brains steady enough to perform the work. The eye of a man looking upwards at the fly-like figures, flat against or crawling up the smooth circumference of a chimney so high that the stout lightning conductor cannot be followed to the summit, is enough to make the onlooker reel at the sight; and not even the hearty voices of the brave fellows singing songs as they strike with their hammers, or calling one to another to pay out more rope or hoist up another ladder, give one confidence in their safety.

Sailors may display the agility of monkeys aloft, spring in a breath from the slings of a yard to the arm of it, and jockey the spar as though the surging and heaving thing were the back of an ambling colt; shin up to the truck and sing 'Rule Britannia' standing on one leg there; but the mariner has always something to hold on by. If he is unshod he has ropes for his toes to grip, though he should have to let go with both hands. The rope or ladder of the steeplejack is a very different affair from the fabric of a ship's rigging. He ascends to elevations, moreover, whence looking down he would find a man as high up as the royal yard of a big merchant ship small in the distance that lay between. There is something friendly in shrouds and back-stays, in foot-ropes and Flemish horses, in lifts, stirrups and jackstays. The smooth circumference of brick and mortar, however, the sheer up-and-downness of the structure, without a protuberance for the foot to find a lodging on, with hard ground and nothing else to fall upon in lieu of the sailor's chance of bounding off into the sea, with nothing more serious behind, perhaps, than a purple face and streaming clothes,provides a very inhospitable condition of things.

That the number of steeplejacks should be so limited is warrant enough not only of the singular perils of the calling, but the real coolness of mind and regularity of pulse which the exercise of the vocation demands. When a man scales some cathedral height, some towering pinnacle, to fasten a flag upon it in honor of a jubilee, or as a further illustration of the national rejoicings, the astonishment is supreme. Readers of the story can scarcely credit their eyes, and the audacious climber becomes a nine days' wonder. Yet everyday our steeplejacks are performing feats quite as wonderful in their way. As a sample of the courage and presence of mind possessed by these men, an incident which happened at Slaithwaite, some years ago, fairly deserves a place amongst memorable things.

A very extensive cotton mill had been erected for a spinning company, and the chimney, an excedingly tall one, was so far completed that a steeplejack belonging to Huddersfield was engaged to ascend it, to remove the scaffolding which had been employed by the workmen in the completion of the very summit, or actual mouth of the chimney. The steeplejack easily ascended the perpendicular height, and, after successfully removing the scaffolding, was preparing to descend, when the rope, the one and only available means by which he would be enabled to reach the ground, became detached and fell to the bottom.

There was the man on the top of the chimney dwarfed into a mere pigmy by the altitude, and hopelessly inaccessible. He was observed to stand in a posture of thought for some little while, as though, indeed, he had fallen into a fit of poetic musing, and was enjoying the spirit of freedom and liberty which came to him out of the prodigious horizon which the great elevation of the chimney enabled him to survey. Possibly had it been in his power to take his stand on



THE STEEPLEJACK AT WORK.

the very top of the structure—where the hole is, in short—the passing traveller might have concluded that the chimney was a pillar erected to the memory of some renowned spinner, and that the little shape on the top of it was the statue of the person commemorated. Be this as it may, our steeplejack, after a brief moment or two of reflection, formed his resolution.

He was seen by the gaping and wondering crowd—at whose perplexity, had their faces been distinguishable, he must have felt more surprised even than they were puzzled and bewildered by his situation—to sit down and pull off one of his stockings. It was then noticed that he fingered this stocking as though he were darning it. The crowd, lost in astonishment, continued to stare and to wonder; but his motive was presently understood when it was seen that, instead of darning his stocking, he was busily engaged in unravelling it. Bit by bit he worked it out into a long thread, letting the end float downwards, as though he were some gigantic spider seeking another chimney with his sticky filament, in order to build a web. The thread continued to travel downwards until it was within reach.

The object of the cool and dexterous man was immediately grasped. A line sufficiently light for the thread to support it was attached and hauled up by the steeplejack,who, before long, by means of this ingenious device,was provided with a rope strong enough to enable him to slide down to terra firma.

We have read somewhere a similar instance of rescue, and, if we remember rightly, the wife of the man in danger suggested to him the stocking plan. Possibly the steeplejack was acquainted with this instance,but not the less do we admire his cool judgment and presence of mind in so perilous a position.

The Five C'S:

(By Mrs. J. W. Wheeler in New York 'Observer.')

Hermann Gebhardt had hunted up Philip Cameron for the definite purpose of borrowing enough money to get nim through the remainder of the month, but after discovering his retreat, he decided that he had come to the wrong person.

The small side room known as the 'tank room,' and therefore the least desirable in the house, was on the top floor, back, was heated from the hall and furnished almost meagrely, a cot bed, a washstand, a study table, two chairs and a single rug made up the furnishings. Hermann took it all in at a glance.

'So this is where Cameron grinds away and keeps among the first ten of the class! Ugh! that dripping would drive me frantic,' he thought. 'You get up here among the clouds, so we rattle-brained fellows can't bother you, I see,' he said, lightly, taking the chair his friend cleared of books.

'For that and other reasons, mostly the other reasons,' said Philip, good-naturedly, closing his books. 'Yes, my pigeon-hole of a room is nothing compared to your luxurious quarters, but aside from the tank in there, and I don't mind it now, it has the virtue of quietness.'

Hermann's eyes travelled about the little room in search of those small belongings with which students' rooms are usually crowded, but the sum total of his discoveries were a pincushion, a set of shaving papers, a few photographs, and a large illuminated card or banner lettered in gold paint and beautifully embellished with flowers.

'What's that,' he asked, 'some secret society?'

Philip's dark, serious eyes rested upon his guest for a moment, then were lifted to the banner. 'No,' he answered, slowly; 'it's no society device; it's something my mother made me when I left home. I call it my "Five C's."'

'That's just what puzzles me, there's no word to help me out; do tell me about it.'

'It's rather a long story and may not be as interesting to you as to me. I believe I told you that my mother is an invalid; here is her picture taken just as she lies in bed, she hasn't walked since Tom was born, that was almost nine years ago. She paints little things to help pass the time, and having in mind the temptations I would be certain to meet here in the city, she designed this, and gave me it to me, as a parting gift. I well remember that day, calling me to her side, she made me read the letters like a child learning its alphabet, then she explained the meaning of each, I think.

'I can repeat every word she said, and

through them you will be able to see what a rare woman my mother is. The first C stands for contentment. The dictionary gives various meanings, but the one I like best is "to be satisfied so as to stop complaint." So many useful lives, my boy, are cankered and ruined by discontent, and so many golden hourse are fretted away in pitiable lamentations against destiny. By contentment I do not mean that narrow self-satisfaction that never reaches out after anything nobler, but I do mean that calm living that knows that God puts his children in the place where they are best fitted for, and that when we have learned to fill it acceptably, faultlessly, he will pass us on into higher grades of service, and these violets peeping from behind the letter symbolize this serenity of mind so necessary to a useful and happy life.

'The second C means courage, as Worcester gives it, "that quality of mind which resists danger"; courage to overcome oneself, one's disposition, and make ourselves lovable, courage to overcome despondency, when dark days are sent us, courage to resist the devil, and all his emissaries, and courage to stand up for one's convictions even at the risk of being dubbed crank; and this velvety, star-like flower is the edelweiss, which, as you know, pushes its head through the snows of the most sterile mountain heights.

'The third C, twined with lillies of the field, is chastity, the definition generally accepted being "without stain," without stain of mind, of body and of speech, and this last means no sympathy with those coarse jests that whether deservedly or not, are attributed to medical students. It means that chivalrous regard for womanhood that makes it absolutely impossible for one to bring by word or deed, the blush of shame to the face of a girl, no matter in what station of life, the housemaid, as well as the professor's daughter.

'The fourth C means charity, love, benevolence. Not only tolerance towards the mistakes and follies of others, but forbearance and a helping hand especially to those who never had the moral training that you have had, my son, realizing at all times your own need of forgiveness from him who was tempted without sin. The flower, whose tendrils have caught this letter, is the passion flower, typical of the great love by which the world is redeemed.

'And the fifth C, so large that it encircles all the others, means Christ, whose life among men is an absolute and convincing argument that humanity can attain to all these things. Put it on the wall near your bed, my boy, where you can see it the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night; when it will remind you of mother, and the kind of a man she wants you to become.'

Hermann, who to all appearances, had been absorbed in balancing a penknife upon his thumb, looked up and said slowly: 'And your mother can say all those beautiful things about courage and contentment, lying there all those years?'

'Yes, she suffers greatly at times, but through it all she is brave and patient, and being a great reader keeps her mind and heart in tune with the world. She is one of God's saints,' said Philip, his eyes glowing.

'So is my mother. She died when I was a little shaver; had she lived, perhaps I might have been different.'

'But why?' asked Philip, who knew more of his friend's escapades than Hermann thought possible. 'Isn't it as honorable to try to please a saint in heaven as a saint on earth?'

Hermann had never thought of it in this way, and the blood mounted to cheeks and brow as certain facts rushed across his mind; had he not idled away a good part of the term relying upon the assistance of a tutor to get him over the coming examinations? had he not spent a small fortune in 'larks,' sometimes keeping hours that would have shocked his father had he known? had he not exactly thirty-eight cents in his pocket, and this by no means the first time his prodigal use of a too generous allowance had forced him to borrow from friends? What did he know of courage and chastity, he who often visited the beer garden and cheap vaudeville, where the coarse jest and innuendo were met with uproarious applause? He who only the night before, or more correctly speaking, that very morning, had been smuggled to his rooms half drunk? He closed the little knife sharply, every word from that invalid mother seemed a direct message to him.

'Look here, Cameron, I believe you know more of my sins than I do myself. Why did you tell me all this—it hits me straight?'

'Why did I? Because you asked me to, and because I like you.'

Here Philip looked up with a warm smile. 'Genuinely, although I do not like some of the company you keep, you're miles above them, old fellow, and they are dragging you down. Why, it is the strangest thing to me, your indifference to your opportunities; just compare them with some of us, who are working our way.'

'I never mistrusted it until to-day,' began Hermann, then finding he had blundered, he exclaimed: 'Pardon me.'

'That's all right. Why, I suppose your list of extras amounts to more than my yearly expenses, but do you ever stop to put a correct estimate on your opportunities? Why! they are simply grand, an intellect above the average, plenty of the wherewithal to acquire a finished education, a long line of medical ancestry, and a father who stands among the foremost surgeons of America, and who will, of course, use his influence in your behalf, when you begin the battle of life.'

'Yes, father has set his heart on my succeeding him. My profession was all mapped out for me years ago, but I've often wondered what influenced your choice?'

'My mother; she thinks it a grand life-work, and then since her illness I've had a definite purpose in mind, a very wild one of course, but like all of us, I want to get to the top, and when I do I shall try to discover if something can't be done for her. We've had different specialists, but all seem to be of the opinion that she will never be any better; one suggested an operation for $600. Why, it is all father can do to hold on to the farm with doctors' bills and a housekeeper all the time. So you see why I am in such dead earnest to get on my feet.'

'Different specialists,' the words flashed upon Hermann's brain with the force of a stroke of lightning; he almost started to his feet, then recovering himself, sat in deep thought for a few minutes, when rising to go, he said:

'Cameron, I wish you'd bring that card of yours,' indicating the Five C's, 'and make me a visit of a few weeks.'

Philip looked the astonishment he felt. 'You mean you want me to live more comfortably than I do here, so you are putting it in the light of a visit?'

'No, I have purely selfish reasons, the fact is—well, you put it right a few minutes ago, they are not only dragging me down, but dragging me down at a breakneck pace, and I haven't sand enough to keep them off.'

'Then you see how impossible it would be for me to work in your rooms, those fellows are dodging in and out at all hours.'

'That's just what I mean, your being there is the best possible excuse for them to stay away. I want to buckle down to work. I feel sure I can if you are there, digging away at the same time. You don't know, you can't understand the position I lie in. I won't blame you if you do not go, any way. I'll tell you the worst,' here his voice vibrated with disgust, 'I was drunk last night, almost drunk enough to be kicked into the gutter. I'd like to be kicked all over the campus to see if it would knock any sense into me. What do you suppose my father would say? He choked back the lump that rose in his throat, thrust his hands in his pockets and started for the door, but Philip took him by the shoulders, turned him around and forced him into a chair, then looking at him fixedly, said in a low, clear voice:

'You shall never pain him by that knowledge; that will never happen again, will it?'

Hermann returned his gaze, as one fascinated, until his eyes caught and reflected some of the calm, fearless strength of those others, then said very slowly, as if measuring the force of each word: 'No, God helping me, I don't really care for the stuff; I was never drunk before.'

'Then I'll come.'

'To-day?' asked Hormann, his face revealing the anxiety he felt.

'To-day; just as soon as I can pack up.'

An half hour later the Five C's was placed upon the wall of Hermann's handsomely appointed bedroom, and Hermann, hammer in hand, asked: 'Is it even?'

'There, a little down on the left side, that's right,' answered Philip, who had stepped back to criticise, but he had scarcely finished when a shaft of late sunlight (it seemed akin to miraculous since the day had been unusually dark and stormy), shot into the room, and lay directly across the gilt letters, and the closely-cropped blonde head beside them, enveloping them in a golden haze.

'It's a good omen,' exclaimed Philip. And it was. Hermann Gebhardt proved himself worthy the friendship, and plunged into his studies with a zeal that together with Philip's assistance, brought at the close of the term a rank of which he had no reason to be ashamed, and the little banner kept its place not only that year but through the entire course, and at this time it may be found in a quaint room across the seas, where the young men have begun a two years' training in a large German hospital. I said the Five C's, I should have said another, and fresher one, painted by the same loving hands, and should you turn it over you will see in small, beautiful handwriting the words, 'For my boys.'

You will understand that added letter, also the strength to which that friendship begun it were so unequally, has grown, as, when I tell you of some thing that happened the June following the opening of our story:

Dr. Gebhardt came on from the West, ostensibly to attend commencement; this seemed strange to Philip, since his friend's graduation was yet several years in the future, but when the great man begged the privilege of seeing his mother and studying the case, his wonder increased, and when after visiting the little farm among the Berkshire hills, it was decided that an operation could be performed, and with but ordinary risks, and to his father's question of remuneration the doctor had said, 'Tut,

tut man, don't mention it, the gratification of succeeding in such a puzzling case is all the reward I want,' he began to understand.

The next day when a skilled nurse had come in answer to their summons, when the house had seemed strange and still, when Mr. Cameron tiptoed about the kitchen in keenest anxiety, and Tom, unable to bear it all, had fled to the carriage house loft, where the old harnesses would tell no tales of tears, Philip learned the truth of the matter. His eyes caught an initial on the handles of some little instruments they were cleaning at the kitchen sink, for the young M.D's were allowed to help just a little. He stared hard a moment, then said: 'Do surgeons make a pratice of carrying their instruments with them when they leave home for a brief vacation?'

Hermann looked somewhat disconcerted and started to speak, but Philip caught him around the neck in a strangling hug, and called him an old plotter, a culprit, and acted so strangely that his father began to fear the day's doings had unbalanced him.

'I'm only trying to settle old scores,' explained Hermann, when he succeeded in disengaging himself from those muscular arms! 'I am greatly in debt and always shall be to you and your good mother. Father knows all about it now, and if she only lives and gets strong!'

'If only,' echoed Philip, closing his lips in a hard, straight line. But she did, or the new banner would never have been painted and hung on the wall to mystify others, who by the way never learned its significance.

Tim Conner's Conversion.

(W. B. Carnes, in 'National Temperance Advocate.')

'Stand aside, you drunken bum, and make room for these gentlemen who want to be waited on,' growled the saloon-keeper, as old Tim Conner moved farther down the bar.

'Give me some more drink to cool this burning thirst, and I will leave your house forever,' answered the old man.

'Not another drop do you get in this house unless you pay for it; and, what is more, if you don't get out and quit annoying me, I will call the police and have you run in. Now, get. I have no room for loafers and bums who are in my way and have no money to spend.'

'What will you have, young gentlemen?' he asked, turning to the two well-dressed young men who were standing at the bar. The young men had ordered their drinks; but before they had tasted their liquor, the old man again walked up to where they stood, and, addressing the bar-keeper, said: 'True, I have no money. True, as you say, I am nothing but a drunken bum. I came into this town three days ago in a box car and for three days have begged cold morsels from kitchen doors. My manhood is gone, and I am nothing but the physical and moral wreck you see me. But it was not always thus. The time once was when I could have bought a dozen establishments like this. I was a happy and prosperous business man, with a happy little family, but drink has been my ruin. I am alone in the world now; no one to love, and none to care for me; but I will soon be out of the way. I am going now, but before I go, I want to say to you, young gentlemen, look at me and take warning. I was once as respectable as you, but see me now! Ah! for heaven's sake, let the accursed stuff alone, for it will bring you to the same condition.'

With that the old man slowly left the room, and the young men looked at each other a moment, when one said: 'Charley, you can drink if you want to, but I am done.' With that he poured the contents of his glass upon the floor.

'Here's to you, Joe,' and the other followed his companion's example; 'if you will quit, so will I; but it remains to be seen who holds out the longest.'

With this they both left the saloon, while the barkeeper bitterly cursed the old man for interfering with his trade, and called the young men fools for listening to such an old fogy.

After leaving the saloon old Tim wandered aimlessly about the street, passing a large and handsome church, into which great crowds were pouring. 'This is no place for me,' he muttered; but, just as he passed, the organ pealed forth and the choir began singing—

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

It had been a long time since old Tim had heard that song, so he paused and listened. It seemed that he had never heard such rapturous music in all his life. As the song proceeded he felt drawn to the place, and, turning slowly back, he stole around to the rear of the church and seated himself on the steps leading into the pastor's study that he might hear more of it. By the time the song was ended the audience had gathered in the church, and he sat and listened, as song after song was sung, and the minister had prayed a fervent prayer, in which God's mercy and pity had been invoked upon those who were wandering in sin. There was something in that prayer, as well as the songs, that touched him, and the poor old man sat and wept as a flood of memory came rushing upon him. His mind went back to a happy home, in the long ago, when he had heard a happy young wife singing those same songs. The minister began his sermon, but old Tim heard it not, for he was dreaming of the past. He saw the bloom of health and happiness fade away from a fair young face as the demon of drink slowly won a husband from his wife. He saw the peace and happiness of a home slipping away as the husband plunged deeper and deeper into ruin. He saw the elegant home and its elegant furnishings all go to satisfy a demon's craze for drink. He saw a sad-faced little woman slowly pine away as she toiled day after day over the washtub to earn a scant living for herself, her baby boy and a drunken husband. He heard her prayers and saw her tears fall unheeded, and at last saw her laid away in a plain pine box in the potter's field, and her child given into the fostering care of an orphan asylum. He saw a drunken, depraved man, wandering for more than twenty years, a drunken tramp begging from door to door, while manhood, health, self-respect and respect for his fellow men had all slipped away.

'O God, why didn't I die before she did?' he moaned. 'What have I to live for? I am not fit to live among decent people, and God knows I am not fit to die.'

The services in the church were over, and he heard the minister announce that the evening services would begin at 7.30; so slowly the old man moved away before the well-dressed throng should see him.

The hands of the great clock in the tower of the neighboring City Hall had just passed the hour of seven, and old Tim was again seated on the steps of the pastor's study.

'I must hear more of that sweet music, if nothing more,' mused the old man, 'and I want to be here in time to hear it all.'

He had fully determined to move on after the song service; but before it began a sweet little girl of twelve years came running up the steps, and, thinking he was the janitor, said: 'Won't you please open the study door for me, Mr. Johnson? I want to get a book for papa before the services begin.'

'I beg your pardon, miss,' said old Tim, rising and lifting his tattered hat. 'I am not Mr. Johnson, but—'

'Oh, excuse me, sir, I thought you were the janitor.'

'I only stopped to listen to the singing,' said the old man apologetically, as he prepared to move on.

'Oh, won't you come inside where you can get a good seat, and you can hear it so much better? They will begin in a few moments,' said the little girl.

'No, I am not fit to go into such a nice place as that,' replied the old man; 'besides, they would not want such as I in there.'

'Oh, yes, they do, sir,' said the little girl. 'My papa is the pastor, and he always likes to have the old people come near him.'

'It is not because I am old, but because I am not fit to be with such nice people. I am ragged, and dirty, and I am afraid I am not a good man.'

As the old man uttered these words the child saw tears trickling down his withered cheeks, and, going up to him, she laid her little hand in his while she looked up into his face and said:

'Jesus loves you, and is able to make you a good man, just like my papa, if you will let him. Do come with me and you shall hear all the sweet songs and hear papa preach, and I know it will do you good.'

Like one in a dream he suffered himself to be led around and into the church, where he seated himself far back and shrank from all who entered. The house was soon crowded, and the choir arose to sing. Never had he heard such music; and the prayers that followed were so earnest, so tender, so loving, that it seemed that each one was offered in his behalf.

The minister arose and read his text: 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him.'

Then the preacher portrayed the love of God for lost sinners, and his wonderful mercy and goodness, in such a way as old Tom had never heard it before. He drew a picture of the wretchedness of the prodigal, his yearnings for home, his final resolve, and how that resolve was put into execution. When the preacher reached the climax, in which he pictured the prodigal clasped in his loving father's embrace, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.

'Thus,' said the minister, 'our loving heavenly Father stands ready to welcome the wanderer to himself. He stands with outstretched arms to-night, ready to receive the most sinful and give them the kiss of pardon, and place upon them the robe of righteousness, if they will only come to him.'

With an earnest appeal he closed his exhortation, and the choir began singing. Numbers of men and women went forward to confess their faith in Christ; and as old Tim looked up, through his tears, he saw the two young men whom he had seen in the saloon, give the preacher their hands. They, too, had gone forward to confess the Saviour.

At the sight of them the poor old man's head dropped forward, and he sobbed like a

child. Perhaps his words of warning had helped to save them, even if he himself was beyond control.

As he wept aloud, he felt a soft hand upon his shoulder. Looking up, he saw the minister's little daughter standing beside him, and as he looked into her face he thought it shone like an angel's.

'Won't you come and give your heart to Jesus?' the sweet voice said.

'Oh, I can't,' he sobbed. 'I am too far gone. I am a miserable, wretched sinner, and there is no hope for me.'

'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow,' quoted the child. 'Jesus can save the uttermost. Do come, and he will help you. Only trust him, and he will make you whole.'

It must have caused a flutter of excitement as the audience looked upon a scene the like of which they had never seen before; and as little Mary, the preacher's daughter, led an old, grey-haired man to the front, and placed his hand in that of her father, a loud 'Amen' was heard from different parts of the house.

Tremblingly the old man took the seat pointed out to him, drawing himself as far away from the others as possible, lest he should defile them. One by one they arose and confessed their faith in the Saviour; and when the preacher came to Tim and extended his hand to him, the old man said:

'Sir, I am not fit to be a Christian. I am wretched and undone. I thought there was no hope for me, but you said God was willing to save, even to the uttermost. I must tell you my history; then you must decide if there is any hope for me. Let me stay when the people are gone, and I will tell you all.'

Assuring him of God's mercy and willingness to forgive, the preacher told him to remain; and when the audience was dismissed the two went into the study, where the old man told the preacher the history of his life.

As he concluded his sad story, the preacher's cheeks were bathed in tears, and, trembling with emotion, he asked the old man's name.

'My name is Conner—Tim Conner—but I am known as "Old Tim, the drunkard."'

'Father, father, my long-lost father!' exclaimed the preacher, as he gathered the old man in his arms.

'Father I am your own Willie, the boy you left at the orphan asylum. God has been gracious to me in sparing me to be the means of bringing my own dear father back to the fold. For long years I have hunted for you, but had given you up as dead.'

The father then learned how his boy had been taken from the orphanage, reared and educated in a Christian family, and had made the great preacher he was.

It was a beautiful sight the people witnessed the next night, as the grey-haired father was led down into the baptismal pool and buried beneath the yielding wave by the hand of his son. And when, on emerging, a pair of little arms were thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice said, 'Grandpa, this is the happiest hour of my life,' the good pastor responded with a hearty 'Amen,' and that whole congregation joined with earnestness in singing:

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

'Old Tim, the drunkard,' is known no more, but 'Father Conner,' as he is familiarly known, is loved and respected by all. He no longer begs for a cold morsel at the kitchen door, but every Sunday may be seen, a neatly dressed old man, led by a sweet-faced little maiden, as they happily walk to the church, and Pastor Conner has no more attentive listeners, nor has that church two more devoted workers, than grandpa and little Mary.

Her Way and His Way.

(By Frances Campbell Sparhawk, in 'The Standard.')

The golden oriole sat a-tilt upon the japonica bush, the robins sang their merriest that summer morning, and the tall pines swayed their light tufts in the soft breeze. But little Nell Hampden, fifteen, saw nothing through her tears, but her aunt's scowling face, and heard only the angry words which had driven her out of doors, 'Go away, Miss Good-for-Nothing.' I'll attend to things myself.'

Nell would never be worth anything to anybody, This was what her aunt had said; and the child felt it was true. The thought almost broke her loving little heart. She sobbed on disconsolately.

'My dear child, what's the matter?' said a kind, but insistent voice.

'It's because I'm "Miss Good-for-Nothing," as Aunt Hetty says. It's all true, Uncle Ned, She is right. I'm the wrong one. I'm to turn a sharp corner, she says. But, somehow, I just don't. She says I have a "wobbly" mind. I don't know what to do with a "wobbly" mind,—do you?" She was looking very eagerly at him. 'Can't you put a little memory into me? Can't you make me different, Uncle Ned?'

Looking down into the face of the most truthful, humble-minded, tender-hearted child he had ever seen, her listener perceived that her present life must either harden or utterly discourage her.

'Yes, Nell,' he said, 'I will do something for you; I will tell you that I thoroughly believe in you and the kind of girl you are going to be. And now, will you justify my belief?' 2

'You believe in me!' cried Nell, clasping her hands, 'You believe in me, Uncle Ned?' Wonder and delight glowed in her face, and she stood looking in his face without another word.

'I believe in you with all my heart, Nell. But you are too careless and forgetful, my dear, and things must be changed. Now, go into the house and do your best. And this evening we will have a talk. There must be a change, Nell, dear.'

'Yes, Uncle Ned,' answered the girl, trying to speak cheerfully 'I'll go just when and where you say. I know it will be for my good; and then, of course, I deserve it.' The eyes dropped quickly, for there were tears in them again.

Mr. Redburn perceived that the child had misunderstood him. But he only said, 'Trust me, dear child.' And he patted the bright head affectionately, as Nell still looked down.

'I do, Uncle Ned. And, you know, I really ought to be doing for myself now. It might teach me.'

He muttered something under his breath, Then he had gone to catch his car.

Nell knew that at her father's death his affairs had been so tangled up that she had no money. If she were turned away from here she would have to earn her living somewhere; she was lost in wonder how as she walked slowly into the house and presented herself before Mrs. Redburn. 'What would you like to have me do now, Aunt Hetty?' she inquired meekly.

'Nothing!' sniffed her aunt, 'and if I did, I don't know what there is so easy that you could do it.'

Nell turned away. Whatever her uncle might say to her, here was someone who did not believe in her—and never would. The ache in her heart was so bad that it seemed to her that she did not care what was going to become of her.

On his way into the city Mr. Redburn got no good out of the morning's news. More than once a mist came before his eyes as he recalled those pathetic last words of Nell's. So his wife had given her a sense of dependence. It displeased him. He had taken in her niece when there was no other home for her, and he gave his wife credit for a self-respecting desire to have her relative develop qualities which should make her as short a time as possible a pensioner upon his bounty. But he himself was far from looking at the matter in this light. All his own children turned out good business men or matrons of importance in the community, were away from home. Nell was sunshine in the house—when the shadow of Mrs. Redburn's wrath did not overcome her. Was his wife too exacting? When he recalled the efficiency of his own children, he could not say so. Yet here was a different nature. Nell was getting to have too much self-conscious anxiety. And she had too little fun. What if this were a case of all work and no play? His wife had said that the girl would not 'concentrate.' Perhaps the child's wits were really scattered. What would give her a chance to pick them up again? He brooded over the matter behind his paper, until a sudden suggestion made him smile and nod his head knowingly.

That evening after his return the express brought to Nell a wheel with a card tied upon it marked 'From Uncle Ned,' The girl, who had been very pale and grave all day, flushed rosy red with delight. Mr. Redburn saw that his surmise, based on her morning's statement, had been correct, and that the reason she had always said she did not care for a wheel had only been because she had not wanted to put him to the expense of buying one for her. But the flush died away from Nell's face and she stood a few moments in downcast silence; then she looked up and thanked him gravely. She understood it as a parting gift, and it was so kind.

He smiled at her. 'I hope it will give you a world of pleasure, Nell,' he said. 'And I am sure it will help you. You can spin off for miles and miles and dream all you like on the way. Your wheel is to be your "change," you see. And then, when you come home, my dear, you must be wide awake. And I am quite sure you will be—quite sure,' he repeated slowly, and looked full at her with the kindest expression. 'I have full faith in you. I know you are coming out all right. And this is your home, little girl. We need you here. And very soon it is going to be so that your Aunt Hetty can get on without you. Eh, Nell?'

She stood looking at him motionless, her face transfigured by the happiness of this confidence and the power of an awakened will. 'Yes, Uncle Ned,' she said at last; and smiled at him radiantly.

No miracle took place. Nell did not grow into a practical, methodical girl in a week. But when her aunt, who did not believe in her capacity to learn, and would no longer trust her with responsibility, in spite of her husband's advice to the contrary, thrust her aside, Nell took to her wheel. In her long spins she not only breathed the strength and healing of the world of nature, but she lived in the atmosphere of the confidence and affection of her uncle, and this was to her the tonic of a new confidence in herself. She

gained a power from she knew not what. In the few things under her hands she had improved; but these gave her little scope to show any real progress. It was only Mr. Redburn who noticed the steadier gaze, the firmer step, the readier answer, the more alert carriage.

'Wait, little girl,' he said to her one day when her aunt had refused her a trust in household matters that she had offered to take. 'Patience, my dear child. The opportunity always comes in this world in some way. God takes care of that. All that we have to do is to be sure to be ready for it, and to meet it well, That's the one important thing in life, if we only knew it.'

Sometimes he let her help him in the evenings with his accounts; and to his surprise he found her quick and accurate. The work was admirable for her; the confidence in her still more admirable. Once when he praised her she said to him earnestly, 'I could do as well for Aunt Hetty now if she loved me. But I always know she is going to find things wrong, and I think that's what makes me get them so. Yet if she would try me again, I might not now. I should keep thinking all the time that you trusted me.'

But Mrs. Redburn was as far as ever from trusting her niece—or this was what she herself believed—and Nell's nickname of 'Miss Good-for-Nothing,' often tingled in the girl's ears, as it rolled forcibly from her aunt's tongue.

* * * * * * *

It was the night before Thanksgiving, and bitterly cold. The large house of the Redburns was filled with guests who had come to share the festivities of the following day. The blazing fires upon the hearths had been well kept up. Nell had tried to do her part in the preparation. But that very evening the sharp word had rung out to her and the stinging epithet had been used—in the presence, too, of one of the guests.

It was in the small hours that Nell awoke conscious of something wrong. What was it tingling in her nostrils and choking her her so? Smoke! Fire!

She sprang up, threw on her clothes and rushed into the hall. Dense smoke! Tongues of flame!

'Uncle Ned! Uncle! Uncle! Fire! Fire! FIRE! Wake up everybody! Rouse the house! I'll——' And she was off.

Roused at last, Mr. Redburn found matters desperate. 'Up! Up! Up! Hetty! he shouted. 'The stairs will be afire in two minutes. Snatch what you can, and run out of the house while there's a chance. And be sure to save my papers.'

He flew to the upper story, and all over the house, shouting that appalling cry of 'Fire! Fire!' Opened one door after another, routing up his terrified family and guests, and commanding them to clutch what they could and rush out of the house before the way should be closed. Somebody ought to give the alarm. But who? He had been obliged to dash water in his sons' faces to awaken them, and he could not leave with the house unemptied. Perhaps little Nell could help his efficient wife to save at least something.

But Nell was not near to help her aunt in anything. And Mrs. Redburn, wild with terror, was utterly helpless, and could scarcely summon courage to rush empty-handed over the now smoking stairs into the open air. Oh, if Nell had not been a good-for-nothing!

The whole house was full of confusion, shouts, screams, flying figures and figures huddled together in the cold of the night, volumes of smoke and the rush of the now dominating flames—everything was horror and despair when suddenly the fire signal rang out clear and sharp in the night air. Mr. Redburn stopped in helping out his last guest to catch the number. Yes, somebody had rung in the alarm for him, Thank heaven, But who?'

A wheel rushed in at the gate; a light figure sprang from it and ran up to the group assembled upon the lawn. Nell's eyes were large, her face was pale for all her haste. But in all her quick movements were decision and purpose. It was she alone of all there who had not lost her head. She began to count, 'One, two,' and on to the end, 'Oh,' she cried, 'Where's the baby?'

Mrs. Redburn had taken charge for the night of her oldest daughter's child, a boy of two, whose mother, detained at home that night, was to follow in the morning. The child was sleeping in a crib in his grandmother's room. And there she had left him—forgotten!

As Nell uttered that cry, Mrs. Redburn echoed it in a shriek. The men were about the house trying to fight the fire, or, at least, to save something. She seized the hand of the trembling woman next her and wrung it hard, and wailed. But the next moment she lifted her head and in amazement followed with her eyes a slight figure speeding toward the house and in at the door. Then it vanished up the stairs crackling with flames. At last she saw it again through the glaring windows of her room. She followed every glimpse of the figure, as did the others, in too much horror and terror for a sound. Oh! Where were they? Lost? Lost!

No! There—Nell and the boy—coming out of the window and down the piazza roof just as the engines dashed up.

'Oh, Nell!' cried her aunt, when she had recovered her speech. 'How beautiful, how brave you were! And to save your uncle's papers, too! Wonderful girl! What can I ever do for you?'

Nell smiled through the pain of her burns. She perceived that she had won a new nickname. 'Only love me, Aunt Hetty, if you can,' she answered humbly. 'And truly, I will try not to forget things.'

The Books of the Bible.

In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand.
In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the promised land.
Leviticus contains the law, holy and just and good.
Numbers records the tribes enrolled—all sons of Abraham's blood.
Moses in Deuteronomy records God's mighty deeds.
Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads.
In Judges their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite.
But Ruth records the faith of one well pleasing in their sight.
In First and Second Samuel of Jesse's son we read:
Ten tribes in First and Second Kings revolted from his seed.
The First and Second Chronicles see Judah captive made.
But Ezra leads a remnant back by Princely Cyrus's aid.
The city walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again,
While Esther saves her people from plot of wicked man.
In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod,
And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God,
The Proverbs like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear,
Ecclesiastes teaches man how vain all things are here,
The Mystic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's rose:
While Christ, the Saviour and the King, the rapt Isaiah shows.
The Warning Jeremiah apostate Israel scorns;
His plaintive Lamentations then their awful downfall mourns.
Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries;
While kings and empires yet to come Daniel in vision sees.
Of judgment and of mercy Hosea loves to tell;
Joel describes the blessed days when God with men shall dwell.
Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call;
While Obadiah prophesies of Edom's final fall.
Jonah enshrines a wondrous type of Christ, our risen Lord.
Micah pronounces Judah lost — lost, but again restored.
Nahum declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured.
A view of Chaldea's coming doom Habakkuk's visions give.
Next Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent and live.
Haggai wrote to those who saw the Temple built again,
And Zachariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.
Malachi was the last who touched the high prophetic chord;
Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.
Matthew and Mark, and Luke and John the Holy Gospel wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died—His life, and all He taught.
Acts proved how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place.
St. Paul in Romans teaches us how man is saved by grace.
The Apostle in Corinthians, instructs, exhorts, reproves.
Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.
Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be;
Colossians bids us live to God and for eternity.
In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from heaven.
In Timothy and Titus a bishop's rule is given,
Philemon shows a Christian's love, which only Christians know,
Hebrews reveals the gospel prefigured by the law.
James teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead:
St. Peter points the narrow way in which the saints are led,
John in his three epistles on love delights to dwell,
St. Jude gives awful warning of judgment, wrath and hell,
The Revelation prophesies of that tremendous day,
When Christ—and Christ alone—shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

—'Gospel Tract Depot.'

'The drunkard forfeits man, and doth divest
All worldly right, save what he hath as beast.'

—George Herbert.

The Squirrel's Delight.

(By Harriette Rhea.)

Two college girls started for a walk up Mount Tom one lovely September afternoon. When they came to the foot of the mountain, where the road winds through the woods, Ruth took out of her bag three apples. Two were large enough, but one was immense in size—one of the prize apples from an agricultural fair. Smooth, round and red, it was a beauty to behold.

'Now, we'll each take one, but we'll keep this monster until we come down, and then divide it, for a half will be all we can eat.'

'Don't carry it all the way up then,' said Dorothy. 'Why not hide it behind this great tree? Nobody will see it.'

So they found a little nook under the leaves, tucked the apple into it, and then went on, eating the other two.

The long shadows had fallen into the valley, when they came down laughing and talking, without a care in the world.

Suddenly Ruth exclaimed, 'Our apple! It must be right here. Oh, Dorothy! hush; but look, look!'

There, right on top of the apple, sat a red squirrel. He had evidently just found his prize, and the most supreme delight had taken possession of his whole being. He smelt of it, then glanced around to see if anybody else was coming to rob him, took a quick bite or nibble, and, finding it genuine, actually lifted up his two front paws in ecstacy, as if life was too full of happiness.

Down went the two girls on the ground, holding each other's hands and watching the quick movements of the squirrel.

By and by he stopped and seemed to meditate. He had evidently eaten his fill; but the apple was by no means exhausted, What should he do? He took another feeble bite, but his stomach was too full.

He whisked around, sat still again, and then got slowly down, The grls had always supposed that a squirrel couldn't be slow. He looked back once at the tempting fruit and then leaped away.

'Had he gone to invite a company?' was the question the two spectators asked each other. 'Oh! let us wait and see,'

And it wasn't long before Bushy Tail came in sight again, bringing two other squirrels with him. The two visitors leaped upon the apple, but Bushy politely held back, and there the girls left them, to enjoy a feast alone.—'Outlook.'

DRAWING LESSON.

Water-Fleas.

(Mary E. Bamford, in 'Forward.')

It was a California December day. I rose from beside a little pool, and took my way home, pelted at times by little drops of the threatened shower. I was carrying a tin of little cyprides that I had dipped up from the pool. Hurrying along, I overtook three boys, and showed them my cyprides.

'I think they're poisonous,' said the eldest, gravely.

'What makes you think so?' I asked.

'I don't know; I think they're poisonous,' reiterated he.

Another time I was showing a company of boys a tin of cyprides, and one of the boys said, 'Oh! they'se lots of those little bugs in ponds.'

But none of the boys knew the name of the 'bugs,' suggestions of 'worms' and 'little frogs' being given by each one.

Now Cypris or 'water-flea,' is neither a 'worm' nor a 'frog.' Cypris has a two-pieced, horny shell, and is one of the entomostraca. A jelly glass full of water and cyprides is a somewhat lively spot. One wonders why the little yellow creatures need make so many journeys. Some of them, like Macbeth's witch, seem to think 'great business must be wrought ere noon.' Many voyages are made, albeit after a time pale shells of former voyagers are apt to lie at the bottom, their sailing forever done.

Some of the little cyprides are yellower than others. The cyprides 'root' around in the debris at the bottom. I saw one of the bigger fellows whose rooting reminded me of a hen's scratching.

Some of the dead shells lie gaping open like empty clam shells. A little live cypris went inside an empty shell of a bigger one. I thought at first he was finding trouble in coming out again, but I believe he escaped.

The larger empty shells were about one-sixteenth of an inch long. The little fellows had shells perhaps one-third the size of the larger ones.

I found an apple core in the pool. The core was studded with many cyprides. The one who threw that core into the pool did not know how many little beings he made happy. There was a hole in the core ; a sort of small, dark cavern; and once in a while a cypris would go into this cave for a second and then come out again.

Alas ! cyprides have their troubles, as well as other folks. I found frogs' eggs in the pool. Thinking that I perceived many cyprides in the jelly-mass, I took it home and examined it. I discovered that the yellow things were indeed unfortunate cyprides, caught fast in the jelly. Some of the captives were alive, kicking, and desiring much to get out of their plight. Many a poor cypris must perish in this manner in pools. I counted between fifty and sixty captive cyprides. Perhaps there were more. I released some of them.

Most of the captured cyprides remained motionless, as if dead; but here and there one struggled against his doom.

Small as the cyprides are, they yet have the distinction of being fossils.

Fossils belonging to the cypris species have been found in England.

Politeness.

'Can you write a good hand ?' asked a man of a boy who applied for a situation.

'Yaas,' was the answer.

'Are you good at figures ?'

'Yaas,' was the answer again.

'That will do, I don't want you,' said the merchant.

After the boy had gone a friend said : 'I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy ; why don't you try him ?'

'Because he has not learned to say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," ' replied the merchant. 'If he answered me as he did, how will he answer customers ?'—'Baptist Signal.'

A Mother and Her Boy.

The mother and her boy were waiting for the train in the Albany station, when the dulness was broken by a funny figure of an old woman in rusty gown, a catskin muff and tippet, and a bonnet made of as many odds and ends as a magpie's nest, and her false front askew. She kept chewing on nothing, working her umbrella, and opening and shutting the other hand in its black glove in the aimless way of old people.

The high school girls began to titter and make jokes to each other, watching the old lady far too openly for good manners, or any manners at all.

The boy began to laugh quietly with the rest. 'Do look, mother ! Isn't she funny ? Did you ever see such a sight ?'

The mother glanced delicately and turned her eyes. 'Poor lady,' she said.

He was silent, considering.

'If I hadn't you,' she went on, 'and had lost all my money, and grieved over all I had lost, in money and friends, till my mind was touched, and I lived alone among queer people, I might look just like that woman. She must have been very good-looking when she was young.'

The boy's mouth twitched, as he turned his gaze from the 'poverty piece,' as some of the girls called her, to his pleasant mother, and as the old lady went prowling about looking for something, a light step was at her side, a cap raised and a kindly, boyish voice asked, 'Can I do anything for you, madam ?'

'I was looking for some place to buy some checkermints,' said the old soul, nodding carelessly and blinking with weak eyes. 'I like checkermints if they're Boston bought, but I don't seem to see any, and there used to be a boy with a basket come round in the Fitchburgh station, and I thought maybe I could find him here.'

'Shall I get you some at the fruit stall ?' said the boy politely to her, but with a flashing glance at the giggling girls, which somehow did not make them feel proud of themselves.

Then the mother watched her boy lead the old woman to the candy stall and stand by her courteously, pointing out this and suggesting the other, till she made her fumbling purchases, and escort her across the hurrying passage to her seat in the train, out of his own compassionate young heart.

'My dear boy,' was all she said as he came back to her, but it was breathed in a voice of music, and she looked most happy.

The boy stood close to his mother, thoughtfully, one hand just striving to caress her. Their train called, he picked up her parcels and marched protectingly by her.

'You have a boy, mother, who will take care of you,' he said, lifting his eyes to hers at the gate.'—American paper.

Better Whistle Than Whine.

Two little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled, and though not hurt he began to whine in a babyish way—a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said:

'Oh, never mind, Jimmy; don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle.' And he began in the merriest way, a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

'I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie,' said he; 'my lips won't pucker up good.'

'Oh, that's because you haven't got all the whine out yet,' said Charlie; 'but you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away.'

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

On Guard.

You have a little prisoner—
  He's nimble, sharp, and clever;
He's sure to get away from you
  Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out he makes,
  More trouble in an hour,
Than you can stop in many a day,
  Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears,
  He says what isn't so,
And uses many ugly words
  Not good for you to know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
  And chain him while he's young;
For this same dangerous prisoner
  Is just — your little tongue.
—'Sunday Companion.'

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 14.

Parable of the Great Supper.

Luke xiv., 15-24. Memory verses 21-24. Read Matt. xxii., 1-14.

Daily Readings.

M. Feast of Wis.—Prov. ix., 1-12.
T. Call of Grace.—Isa. lv., 1-13.
W. Great Fount.—John iv., 1-15.
T. Great Feast.—Matt. xxii., 1-14.
F. Great Food.—John vi., 27-51.
S. Great Joy.—Rev. xix., 1-10.

Golden Text.

'Come; for all things are now ready.'—Luke xiv., 17.

Lesson Text.

(15) And when one of them that sat at meat with him heard these things, he said unto him, Blessed is he that shall eat in the kingdom of God. (16) Then said he unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: (17) And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come, for all things are now ready. (18) And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused. (19) And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused. (20) And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come. (21) So that servant came, and showed his Lord these things. Then the master of the house, being angry, said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. (22) And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. (23) And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. (24) For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.

Suggestions.

As our Lord was dining at the house of the Pharisee, one of the company remarked that it would be a blessed thing to eat bread in the kingdom of God. Eating bread together in eastern countries is equivalent to making a covenant of peace and protection. The speaker may have thought of the kingdom of God as an earthly, temporal, but glorious reign with which it would be valuable to be identified, or he may have referred to heaven. In either case he no doubt felt sure of the blessing of which he spoke, for if the Son of God deigned to dine at the house of a Pharisee, no doubt he would invite the Pharisee, and all the rest of the nation to dine with him in his kingdom.

But Jesus answered him with a parable, showing how even those who received the first and most pressing invitations, might finally be shut out from the kingdom by their own carelessness—criminal carelessness—toward God. They might shut themselves off from eternal joys by the temporary excuses of temporal interests. This parable was a picture of the kingdom of God, those to whom the first invitations were sent were the Jews; those who listened day after day, to the marvellous teachings from the lips of the Saviour himself. The scribes and Pharisees and priests rejected the invitation from God, then Jesus gave the invitation to the publicans, and sinners, and they began to flock into the kingdom. The Jews, as a nation having refused the invitation from God, the offer was passed on to the Gentiles, and they began to accept with joy. To-day, the invitation is given first to the children of Christian parentage, and to those who have been carefully trained in Sabbath school and church, but if they reject it, their places can be easily filled from the ranks of the outcast and sinners. And what is more awful still, those who have had every advantage to start with may, by constant rejection of the offers of God's mercy, find themselves at the end of life without hope, and unable to repent because of a hardened heart (Heb. xiii., 16).

There is a glorious side to the gospel truth, which is not brought out in this parable, that is the fact that every guest is made a messenger to bring in more guests, for there is always room at that table of heavenly delights. If the first called ones had accepted, they would not have hindered the others from being invited, but rather would they have been the means of greatly multiplying the guests. As it was, they by their refusals, became stumbling blocks in the way of others, and of entering into the kingdom themselves, essayed to shut the gates in the face of those who would enter (Matt. xxiii., 13).

The excuses that were given were trivial, and insufficient, but quite as good as those which are given every day by apparently sound-minded men. The terrible thing about the excuses is that they seem to satisfy and delude those who make them into thinking themselves safe and free from responsibility. But God is not mocked. He accepts refusals only as rebellious refusals to obey his supreme authority. The invitation to the supper is a free gift, but the punishment of refusal is eternal banishment from the presence of God. God is love, and God is light. Banishment from his presence means the total loss of light and love and joy. Those who choose to do without God's presence on earth may find themselves forced to do without it through all eternity. The man who excuses himself from becoming a Christian because doing so would interfere with his ambitions, his business or his pleasures, is like the man with a muck rake mentioned in Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' While an angel stood over him holding a bright and starry crown, this man stooped low, and with a little rake, grubbed amongst the rubbish on the ground trying to find something worth picking up. With his eyes fixed on the earth, he could catch no glimpse of the heavenly riches within his very grasp if he would but look up and reach out for them. The earthly things which he saw seemed to him far more important and real than the glories which he would not turn his head to see. So is it with all who allow earthly and temporal interests to blind them to their eternal interests.

Come, for all things are ready. Jesus is close beside you now, inviting you to his feast of love. He has made all the preparation; he has done everything possible to save you; his part is accomplished; it is only left for you to come. But how shall I come? asks some little child. I do not know how. Dear child, the Saviour is close beside you. Though you cannot see him, just speak to him and say, Lord Jesus, I come to thee, I give myself to thee. Please wash away my sins, and come and live in my heart. Amen. And the Lord Jesus will be so glad to hear your prayer, and he will wash away your sins, and come into your heart to live. Then you will know that you belong to him, that he is your Saviour, and you are his little child. The Lord Jesus will make you want to be good, and will teach you how.

Questions.

Where was this parable spoken?
How does the parable represent the kingdom of heaven?
To whom was the invitation first offered?
How did they reject it?
Could any good excuse be found for disobeying our Father in heaven?

C. E. Topic.

Oct. 14.—Paul, the missionary; the secrets of his success.—II. Tim., iv., 5-8. (Quarterly missionary meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE MISSIONARY APOSTLE.

Mon., Oct. 8.—Conversion.—Acts xxii., 6-10.

Tues., Oct. 9.—Paul's purpose.—I. Cor. ii., 2.

Wed., Oct. 10.—How he worked.—I. Thess. ii., 9.

Thu., Oct. 11.—Serving with Christ.—Col. i., 28, 29.

Fri., Oct. 12.—Why God blessed him.—I. Cor. iii., 14.

Sat., Oct. 13.—Little missionaries.—John vi., 9.

Sun., Oct. 14.—Topic.—Paul, the missionary; the secret of his success.—II. Tim. iv., 5-8. (Quarterly missionary meeting. Africa.)

Discipline in the Sunday-School.

The first essentials in any school are quietness and order. Without these we may have the best teachers and the brightest scholars, but no work will be done, and no results attained. The public schools recognize the fact, and a teacher who cannot maintain order will not be kept long in her position. When children are young, in the earliest grades, they are made to keep quiet in spite of their natural restlessness.

There is a marked contrast to this quiet and orderliness in many of our Sunday-schools. On entering the room there is heard a noise which would not be tolerated for an instant in a public school. Looking over the classes, the visitor sees in every class inattentive children who are talking or playing with each other. The teacher, occupied with one or two pupils, has no eyes or ears for the boys at the other end of the pew.

In the public schools, the fact that the teacher is busy with one group of children does not break up the orderliness of the others. The work goes quietly on with only an occasional whisper when 'teacher is not looking.'

Disorder and noise in a Sunday-school is not inevitable. It is not so easy to prevent it here as in the public schools, but it can be done. In the public schools the pupils recognize, and in extreme cases feel, the authority of the teacher. In the Sunday-schools there is a general feeling that there is no authority and no penalty. In many schools there is neither, but there ought to be.

Let each rector, superintendent, and teacher realize and assert their authority, without regard at first to the penalties for violation, and a great advance will be made. Children will never feel the authority unless their superiors are ready to assert it. The difference between a teacher who can be 'run,' and the teacher who commands obedience is that the former is not sure of himself and his authority, while the latter is sure of both.

The first step, then, in the discipline of the class is the recognition of power and authority. In the public schools obedience is enforced. The same must be possible in the Sunday-school. Force, however, is a last resort. It is wise to take a disorderly boy by himself, to tell him plainly what the school is for, and why he is there; to show him that by his disorder he is harming the school and wasting his time, and give him to understand that neither can be allowed.

Persuasion is not of much value in such cases, there must be exhibition and assertion of authority. Do not say to Johnnie, 'Do be an orderly, quiet boy.' Say, 'You must be.' When the child recognizes a righteous and steady authority, half the battle is won. Few children are wilful rebels.

Many schools are so anxious to increase their attendance that some children feel that they are conferring a favor on the school by coming. This is, of course, fatal to all discipline, for the youngster, under pressure, will threaten not to come. Let all the children understand, in case of disorder, that it is better not to have a school than to have it disorderly, and they will be obedient.—'The Church.'

Blackboard Work.

Is it hard for you to use the blackboard before the class? Try drawing all your work lightly on the board. Then, when you give your lesson, go over this work before the children. You can see the lines, and the children see but dimly, if at all; so you have the advantage of doing your work as you want it, and also of bringing out new thoughts as you are ready for them. I recommend this plan especially to one who is easily confused, or who is new in blackboard work.—Mrs. E. L. Miller, in 'Sunday-School Times.'

Temperance.

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VII.—PAUL'S ADVICE TO TIMOTHY.

1. Q.—What did Paul tell Timothy to do?

A.—Drink no longer water but 'use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.' —(I. Tim. v., 23.)

2. Q.—Why did Paul advise Timothy to take wine if it is wrong to drink it?

A.—Paul refers to unfermented wine containing no alcohol, which was used as a drink and medicine by the Jews.

3. Q.—What is meant by 'drink no longer water?'

A.—It means 'drink not water only.'

4. Q.—What authority have we for translating it 'drink not water only?'

A.—The Rev. W. Reid in his 'Temperance Encyclopaedia' says:—'The Greek word used in the original does not occur elsewhere in the New Testament, and means 'drink not water only.'

5. Q.—What does this advice show?

A.—That Timothy was a total abstainer.

6. Q.—What else proves this?

A.—He had to be urged by Paul, who was one in authority, to take even a little wine.

7. Q.—Why was he a total abstainer?

A.—Probably he observed the vows of the Nazarites, who were not allowed to partake of the grape or its products in any form.

8. Q.—How was the unfermented wine regarded?

A.—Not only as a delicious drink, but as possessing medicinal properties.

(To be Continued.)

Wise or Foolish.

There are only two ways of learning wisdom. One is by one's own experience; the other is by the experience of others. The former is slow and expensive, the latter is quick and cheap. The foolish man takes the former way; the wise man, the latter. Children begin in the former way; but the sooner they learn that it is not the best way, the better. For example, the child goes too near the fire, and gets burned; then it learns to shun the fire. The boy eats green apples, and gets pain; then he knows that green fruit must not be touched. Or he rides carelessly on his wheel and gets run over; then he learns that he must not take too many chances. In a thousand such ways a child learns, and pays dear for his lessons. Many times he has to learn in this way simply because he will not learn in the other and cheaper way.

Now look at the other way of learning. It is the best there is. If we adopt it, we are the 'heirs of the ages,' and have for our instructors the wisest men of all times and climes. In the former school there is one pupil and one professor. In the latter there is one pupil, (yourself) and many professors. What folly, then, to try and teach yourself by hard knocks, when you can have such instructors and no knocks!

Much wisdom has been gathered by others, by which, if we avail ourselves of it, we may be saved much woe. Take, for example, the cost of strong drink to us as a nation, compared to what we pay for other and more needful things. According to the census of 1880, I find that we spend as follows: Bread, $505,000,000; meat, $303,000,000; sugar and molasses, $155,000,000; public schools, $96,000,000; cotton and woollen goods, $452,000,000; iron and steel, $296,000,000; ministers' salaries, $25,000,000; strong drink, $900,000,000.

Stop and think! Is it wise, or foolish? Supposing that we were to spend this sum upon public education, what results might we not accomplish! In fact, this sum of $900,000,000 is so vast, that it is hard to say what might not be done if it only were used in helpful ways, and not so wickedly squandered. For nine hundred millions wasted, and put to harmful uses, is an awful sum to think of. No wonder that we have poverty in our great cities, and men out of work, or incompetent for work, while we throw away money at that rate.

But some people say that beer makes men strong. This used to be thought to be true. But the more we investigate the more we come to the conclusion that this is not so. For example, there is in one quart of beer ninety percent of water. There is six percent of alcohol. Then there is four percent of other matter, of which just one and a half percent is nutritious. In milk, on the other hand, there is much more true nourishment than there is in beer. By actual experiment it has been found that in a quart of milk there is three times the nourishment that there is in a quart of beer. Why, then, do people take so much strong drink? Because of the alcohol, which it contains, which stimulates them for a while. They mistake this stimulus for nourishment. But this is a dire mistake. The fact is that more and more in our hospitals they are substituting milk for strong drink, simply because they know that the former is better able to build up the body than the latter. My own personal belief is that before long all alcoholic drinks will be entirely abolished in hospitals, and something nourishing will be substituted in its place.

Since the experience of others teaches us these things in the matter of strong drink, is it not wise to learn by their experience, and not go to work to learn by bitter personal experience, which costs so much in time, money, and health? The price that personal experience demands is too high for any wise man to pay.—Dr. Schauffler, in 'SS. Times.'

Beer Drinking Unhealthy.

While the brewers were in Detroit, they took a carriage ride, and the procession passed by our office window. It was just a few hours before they sat down to that five thousand dollar banquet, with its fifteen courses of rare delicacies and costly old wines. We took a look at the fat, sleek fellows who keep the country stewing by their everlasting brewing, who defend the army canteen, sneer at temperance fanatics, decry prohibition, and live chiefly through saloon revenues. They appear healthy, but in their case, appearances are deceitful. Their full, florid look is rather the sign of weakness and disease. 'The beer-drinker,' says Dr. Brunton, 'has a tendency to become fat and bloated at one time, although he may afterwards become thin and emaciated, from his digestion also suffering like that of the spirit-drinker. Notwithstanding the apparent stoutness and strength of beer drinkers, they are by no means healthy. Injuries which to other people would be but slight, are apt to become serious in them; and when it is necessary to perform surgical operations upon them the risk of death is very much greater than in others.' —'Michigan Advocate.'

The Cigarette Habit.

The teacher of a public school in Chicago found that eighty of her scholars smoked from two to twenty cigarettes a day. Six only of these boys were able to do good work in their classes. The victims of the cigarette habit confessed that they were suffering constantly from headache, drowsiness and dizziness.

Many declared they could not write well because their hands trembled. A number were 'shaky' when they walked, and unable to run for any distance. They could not rouse themselves to meet the examination test. The teacher reported that they were sure to fail if asked to memorize anything. Several of the smokers were from four to five years too old for their grade, and it was found that after they began to smoke their progress ceased.

Except in three instances, the scholars hardest to discipline were smokers. Truancy and theft were directly traced to indulgence in the habit. Boys who had reformed and joined the Anti-Cigarette Society said they 'felt like different boys.' The power and perniciousness of the cigarette habit are revealed by this fresh testimony from a competent and careful observer.—'Youth's Companion.'

He Saw the Point.

The following story is told of a Philadelphian millionnaire, who has been dead some years. A young man came to him one day, and asked pecuniary aid to start him in business. 'Do you drink?' asked the millionnaire. 'Once in a while.' 'Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me.'

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year came to see the millionnaire again. 'Do you smoke?' asked the successful man. 'Now and then.' 'Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again.'

The young man went home, and broke away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year, and presented himself again. 'Do you chew?' asked the philanthropist. 'Yes I do,' was the desperate reply. 'Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again.'

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his friends why he never called on the millionnaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at, 'He'd have told me that now that I have stopped drinking, and smoking, and chewing, I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have.'—'Alliance News.'

The Price of Blood.

The silver pieces were surely hot
  In the traitor's burning hand;
But oh! the agony they had wrought,
  Can we ever understand?
The rabbis look on their dupe's remorse
  With a Gallio's listless mood,
And judge unmeet for the sacred purse,
  That fearful price of blood.

There are pieces of silver, small and great,
  With a traitor's record still,
Transferred to the Church collection plate
  From the drunkard-maker's till.
Are the modern rabbis all too blind,
  In their cringing gratitude,
The rust of a cankering curse to find
  On the price of human blood?

Not all the art of a sophist plea
  Can hallow the harvest gain
From the field of a drunkard's destiny,
  Where his offspring glean in vain;
'Tis judged in the all discerning light;
  'Tis weighed in the scales of God;
Who claims to stand in his maker's sight
  With the reeking price of blood?

And what though the liquor magnate raise
  A church in the city square,
And his name 'mid a flattering halo blaze
  On a gorgeous tablet there;
Yet a stifled groan in its every stone
  Would challenge the pious fraud;
And the pealing bell in its throbbings tell
  A story of tears and blood.

A Judas-Memorial burying place,
  Or a vault inscribed to Cain,
Had surely come with a fitter grace
  From the ruin of soul and brain!
When the sand based towers shall totter and sink
  In the dread o'erwhelming flood,
Woe! woe to the fabric reared in drink
  With its hoarded price of blood!

O when shall this cruel barter cease
  Of the bodies and souls of men;
And the welcome year of a glad release
  To the captives come; O when—
Each man to his brother proving true
  In the faith and fear of God,
And a love that grows in the nearer view
  Of the Saviour's priceless blood?

—W Maxwell, in 'Irish League Journal.'

Beer is not a real food. You can put all the nourishing portion in a gallon of the best beer that ever was brewed on the end of an ordinary table-knife. So little nourishment is there in it that you would have to be drunk over and over again before you could swallow enough beer to supply nourishing food sufficient for a square meal.—Norman Kerr, D.D.

HOUSEHOLD.

Importance of the Kitchen.

(By Ellen J. Cannady.)

Many women spend a large part of their time in the kitchen, and for that reason it should be a pleasant room, furnished with all the modern conveniences for making work easier. There should be at least two windows placed in a position to furnish plenty of light, and so arranged that they may be lowered from the top. The latter is a very important consideration, for the heat rises from the stove to the ceiling, and many a nervous headache is caused by not having plenty of pure fresh air. The woodshed should adjoin the kitchen with a door between, so that wood can be obtained without going out of doors for it. This is also a convenient place for the wash boiler, tubs, wringer, washing machine and many other things that we do not wish to have in the kitchen. If possible, have water brought to the kitchen through pipes from the well. Of course, it will cost a few dollars, but the arrangement once made will last a lifetime and save much valuable time, to say nothing of tired muscles and aching back.

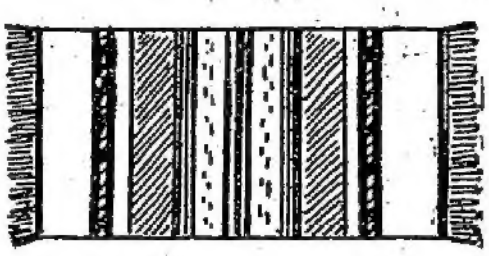
A small kitchen is preferable to a large one that is used for kitchen and dining-room combined, since it is easier to keep clean, and is so much more comfortable in the summer. Paint the walls some pretty color, adding one quart of varnish to one gallon of common house paint, and giving it two coats. It can then be wiped off with a damp cloth whenever desired, and will be as clean as when first painted. Allow plenty of time for a hard-finished plastered wall to dry, and the result will be entirely satisfactory. Before painting, fill all the cracks or broken places with plaster of Paris, mixed with water. It sets quickly and is very cheap. If the floor is covered with oil cloth, the work of keeping it clean is greatly lessened, or if preferred, give it two or three coats of paint. You can obtain any color you like already mixed, and it is not a difficult task to apply it.

If you have no pantry, have a large cupboard put up at the end of the kitchen stove, and paint it inside as well as outside. The shelves in this may be used for sugar, coffee, starch, salt, canned or dried fruits and other provisions. The lower part may contain chests for flour, meal and graham. Have a long shelf put up along one side of the kitchen extending almost to the cupboard, place two rows of hooks above it, and at the end next to the cupboard, put up two or three shelves, which may be used for cook books, pie, cake and pudding pans and other articles used in bread and cake making. Hang the large spoons, soup ladles, etc., on the hooks. Have a kitchen table if there is room for it, and cover it with zinc or oilcloth. If there is no table, one end of the wide shelf may be used for dish washing. A strong wooden stool just tall enough to sit upon while peeling potatoes, cleaning lamps, and many other things which can be done as well sitting as standing, is a great 'strength saver.' It may be pushed under the table out of the way when not in use.

There are many inexpensive articles which are a great help to housekeepers. Among them may be classed the double roasting pans, vegetable cutters, patent potato mashers, double boilers, improved pie and cake pans, wire dish cloth, balanced coal oil and gasoline cans, and trays or waiters to put dishes on when carrying them to and from the dining room. Granite and similar kinds of ware should take the place of the heavy iron kettles that are still found in some kitchens. Measuring cups, a glass lemon-squeezer, a wire egg beater, wire broiler, strainers and fruit press are a few of the minor articles that will be found helpful.—N. Y. 'Observer.'

Roman Stripe Rug.

A pretty rug in the fashionable Roman stripe is easily and quickly made of heavy woollen or cloth scraps. Cut into strips of varying widths and of a length to reach across the desired width of the rug. Arrange in contrasting colors and stitch together on the sewing machine. Dampen each seam and press with a hot iron until perfectly flat. Line with burlap and bind all round; finish the ends with fringe. Cat-stitching all the seams with heavy linen thread in bright colors adds to the appearance, but can be omitted.—'New England Homestead.'



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